

Knife

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Summary: The knife is her favorite toy. - Chara; child abuse; for pronoun purposes, Chara is referred to as female

Knife

****Knife****

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The knife pierces the skin, a yelp escapes her mouth. They all love this game, the one she always loses so it never ends until it's time to go home for the day.

If you don't scream for five minutes straight, you win and we'll leave you alone.

She is weak and there is no one to save her. These kids are older and stronger than her and no one is on her side.

The village thinks of her as a nuisance. She is a bastard child of the mayor and he refuses to acknowledge her. Her mother left abandoned and homeless eventually passes on due to an illness no one bothers to cure. She is on her own to fend for herself, stealing all the food she consumes.

But the older kids catch her every day. They only ask to play, but their toys hurt and sting and burn and tear and _slice, slice, slice_.

The knife is their favorite.

No one cares to help her and the kids will never be punished. There is no escape and the only other choice is to fight back or die at this point.

She knows her mom did everything she could for her and she is determined to not go down in vain. Her efforts are wasted instantly, for the knife she finds is brittle and breaks against the force of their baseball bat.

She prepares for a grim punishment, but the kids only drag her outside the village. She sees the mountain appear beyond the forest, a location the kids always joke about taking her. Mt. Ebott exudes danger, certainly not a suitable place for a girl with raggedy boots and cuts all over her body.

If they leave her there, it will be a long walk back to the village. A trek she doubts can be managed at night. The sun sets beyond the mountain, staining the sky a deep crimson. It crosses her mind that the kids probably intend to leave her here to die.

But after an hour of scaling the steep mountain, she realizes she is only half correct in her judgment.

She was never made aware of a huge crater crafted within the mountain. A deep, open hole big enough to swallow her entire village entrances her for just a moment before the reality hits her once more.

But it is too late before she can beg for forgiveness. Her back is arched forward as she is shoved into the crater, her life flashing before her eyes. The fall takes too long as she recalls the faces of those disgusting, putrid pieces of existence in her village and she weeps upon remembering her mother.

She wishes she could have been strong enough to protect her.

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She wishes she could have been strong enough to protect herself_.

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Months later, Chara discovers the knives in the kitchen.

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"_Chara hated humanity. Why she did, she never talked about
itâ€| "_

End
file.